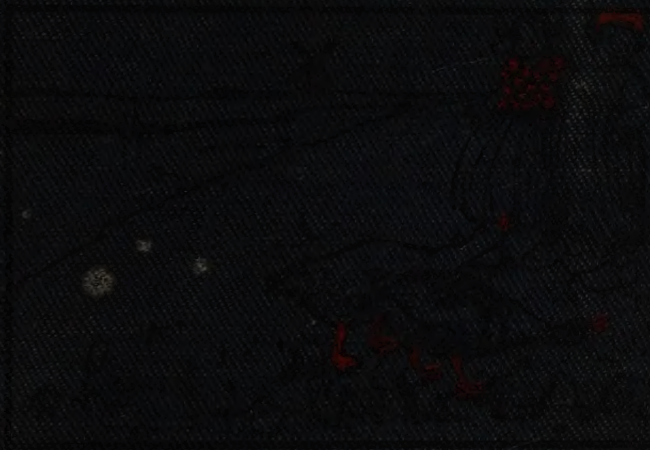
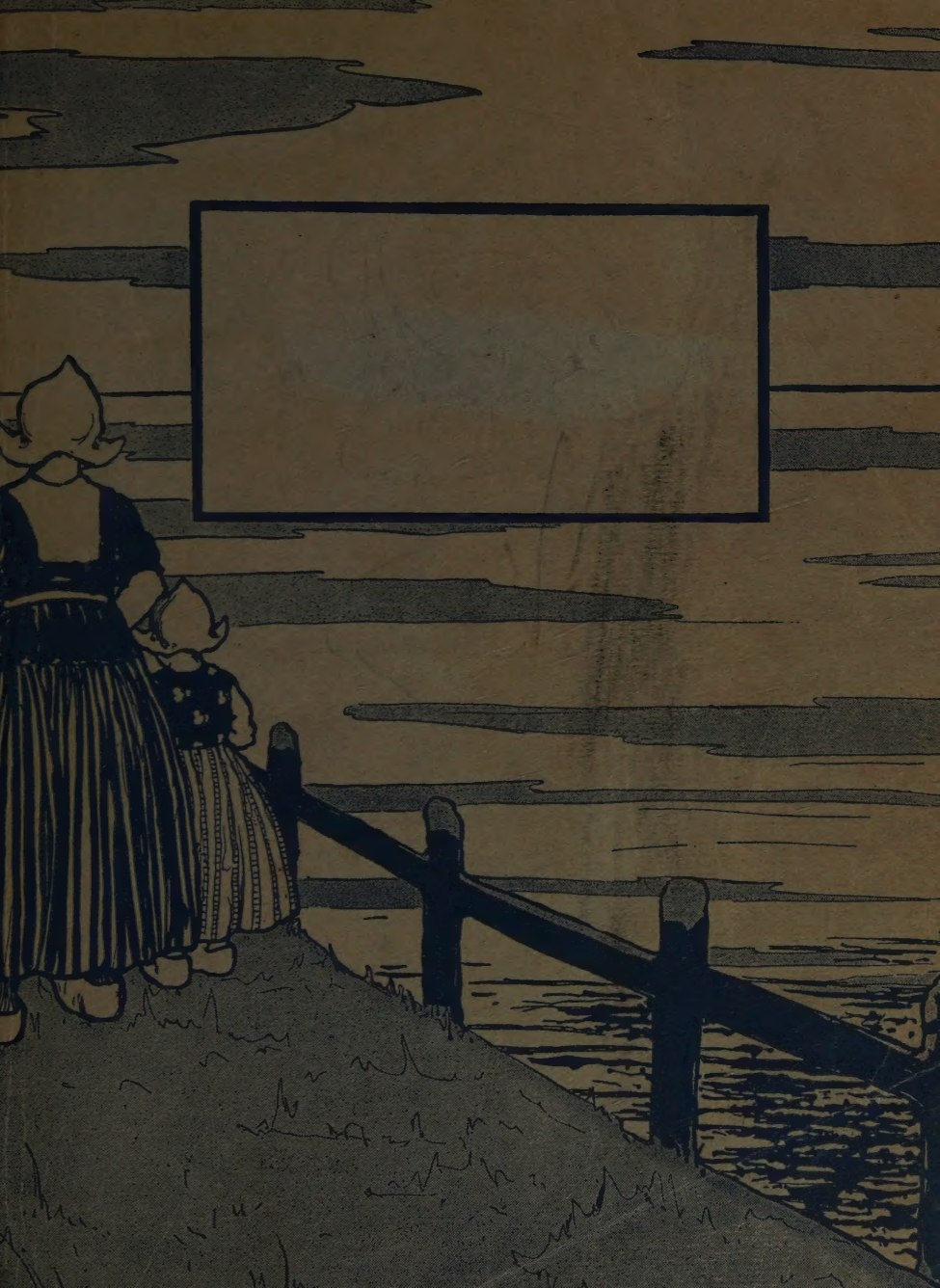
NED AND NAN IN HOLLAND



OLMSTEAD AND GRANT



NED AND NAN IN HOLLAND

EMMA G. OLMSTEAD

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ILLUSTRATED BY

VAL TRACEWELL AND DOROTHY JACKSON

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FOREWORD

There is a growing feeling among those interested in civic education that more might be done through the schools to help our people to understand those who come from foreign lands, as well as to help them understand us and our ways. The night schools, the classes for teaching English to foreigners, and social center work of various kinds are all parts of this great "melting-pot" movement. Some cities are making a part of the Fourth of July celebration a "Welcome to Citizenship" ceremony.

How can the public schools assist in this work? We must remember that training for American citizenship should never mean the giving up of anything that is good in the ideals of the foreign land. Rather, let us help to preserve these ideals and use them whenever we can. If our people are to receive those from other lands in the right spirit, our children should have correct information concerning "those that knock at our gates," whether they be Dutch, Irish, German, English, French, Italian, Russian, or of any other nationality. We must learn of the food, shelter, and clothing of these peoples; how they keep their holidays; how they make their living; of their music, their art, their folk dances. Then, only, will our people realize that "sympathetic understanding," essential to a right attitude in ourselves if we are to welcome those who come to join us.

The purpose of this book, then, is to furnish attractive, authentic material for supplementary reading, of a kind, that not only increases the reading vocabulary, supplies desirable information, and developes imagination, but gives to our children this sympathetic understanding for peoples different from our

own. The authors have aimed to make this material child-like in expression, to use good, simple English, and to avoid stressing the spectacular or giving a distorted view.

Among the first special days in the school year, comes Thanksgiving Day. Holland is sure to find a place in this celebration in connection with the Pilgrims. A real desire to know more of the Dutch people can be satisfied by giving the child his own book to read, rather than requiring him to be a passive listener to facts about Holland.

SUGGESTIONS

A sand table. An attractive Dutch village can be built and the children will find much pleasure and profit in constructing windmills, houses, dikes, canals, boats, carts, and other things named in the story. The Dennison Paper Co. sells borders of Dutch people and of animals of various kinds. These can be stuffed with cotton, and, when supported by standards, they are a delight to the children. The teacher who has not made some bottle dolls for a Dutch sand table has pleasure ahead. Full directions for making these dolls are found in Forbush's Manual of Play, published by the Macmillan Co. For several years Primary Education Magazine has had very interesting articles on the use of the sand table in connection with the work on Holland.

Paper-cutting and paper-tearing. The children can easily be taught to tear the trees for the sand table or for a poster picture. The rough edges make them more effective than the cut-out trees. Often the people, houses, boats, shoes, etc., are cut out of colored or white paper and supported by toothpicks or other wooden standards.

Clay modeling. Clay is a material which lends itself readily to the making of many of the objects mentioned in the book.

Children especially like to make the dogs for the dog-carts of clay, and to use shoestrings or strips of leather for the harness.

Drawing paper and colored crayons. Good illustrative work can be made with drawing paper and crayons. A miniature Dutch village may be drawn on the 9 by 12 inch drawing paper, using two or three harmonizing colors from the crayon box. Various parts of the story may be illustrated and the children allowed much freedom, so that originality is developed. For example, *The Trip on the Canal, At the Kermis, Going to Market, At the Beach,* are good subjects.

Dramatization. In a school where this material has long been used, the children had "Christmas in Other Lands" as the central idea for their Christmas program. They dramatized a Dutch Christmas based on facts about Christmas found in this book.

Poster pictures. Effective Dutch posters may be made by using a background of 9 by 12 inch gray paper and pasting figures on in another color. Some teachers like the co-operative poster picture, where the best of each kind of paper-cutting is pasted on a large piece of heavy paper of chart size. Then the Dutch village or some part of the story becomes the work of the whole room.

Language work. The work generally should be oral, but interesting letters may be written by having the children make believe they are Dutch children writing to American children or *vice versa.* Let the children write a paragraph to tell how the Dutch celebrate Christmas, or about one of the following: a dike, windmills, Dutch beds, the canals, the market, etc.

To the alert teacher other ways of using the book will occur as the children become interested in the characters of the story.

—The Authors.

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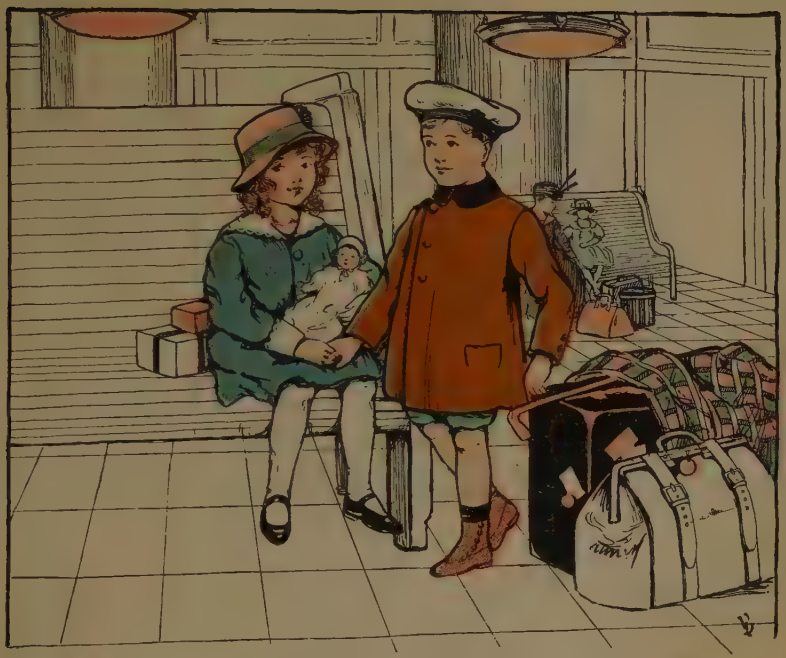


Going to Holland

We are twins.

Our names are Ned and Nan.

We live in Chicago.

We are going to Holland.

Our Dutch cousins live in Holland.

They wish us to visit them.

This little book is a story of our trip.

The Ship

We rode on the train all day and all night.
The next morning we were in New York.
We shall sail from New York.
We are going on a big ship.
We shall have lots of fun.
Father and Mother are going with us.

At the Dock

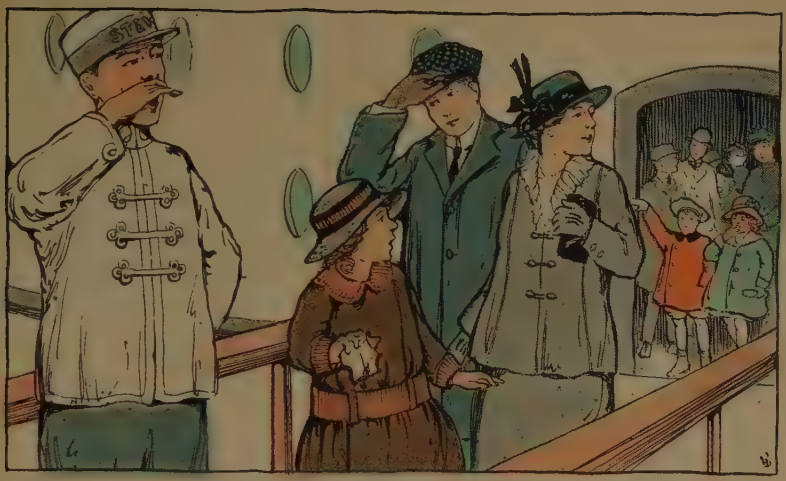
Ned: Here we are at the dock.
Some friends from Chicago are with us.
Our friends in New York are here, too.
They came to say good-bye to us.
They brought Nan a big doll.

Nan: Here is a set of dishes!
Look at the doll's bed!
They brought Ned a toy dog.
Is this story book for you, Ned?
What fun we shall have with the toys!

The Steward

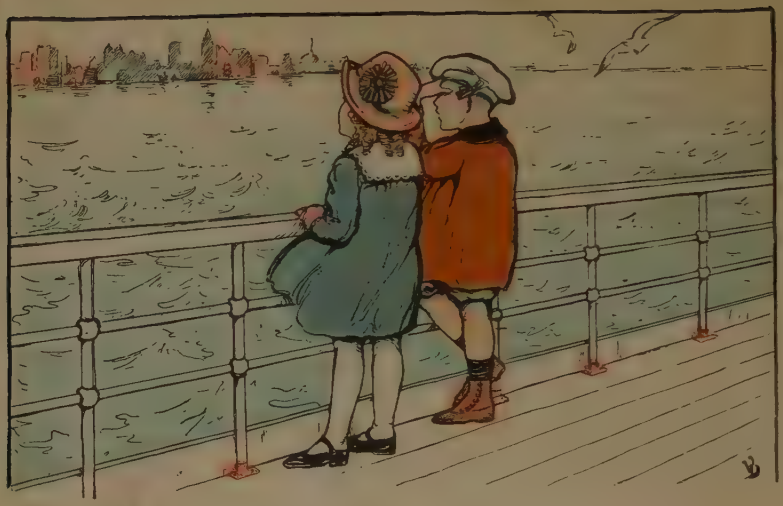
Nan: See the man with a white cap
and a short, white coat!
He is our steward.
He has a name on his cap.
It is **"Steward."**

Ned: The steward took our toys on the ship.
He had to make two trips to take
all of our toys.
Then he came for the bags.
There are many stewards on a big ship.



Time to Sail

It is almost time for the ship to sail.
The first whistle is blowing, "Toot, toot."
The stewards are calling,
"All off! All off! All off!"
We say good-bye to our friends, and they are leaving the ship.
The stewards are calling again,
"All off! All off! All off!"
The whistle blows and we are off.
"Good-bye! Good-bye! Good-bye all!"



The Ship Sails Away

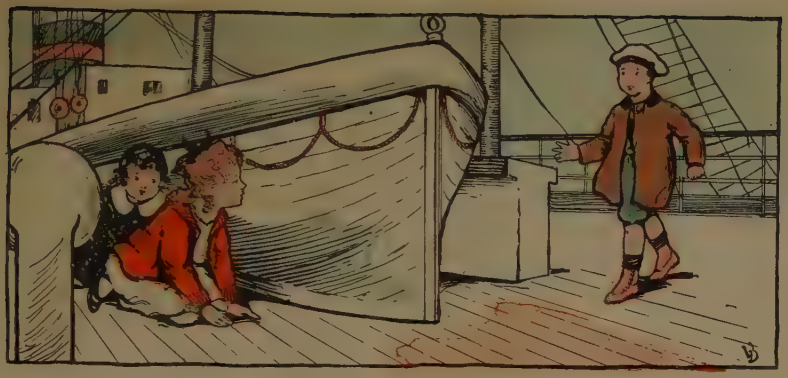
Soon we are far from the dock.
How fast the ship goes!
Our friends keep waving to us, and we
wave back.
They look smaller and smaller.
We can see them no longer.
We can see only the tall buildings.
Soon we can't see the buildings.
We feel a little lonesome.
We wish our friends were with us.

The Cabin

Nan and Ned are in the cabin.
Father and Mother are in the cabin, too.
The ship cabins are very small.
It is hard to find room for the toys.
What strange little beds,
one above the other!
The beds on a ship are called berths.
It is great fun to climb the steps to get
into the beds.
Ned and Nan both slept in upper berths.

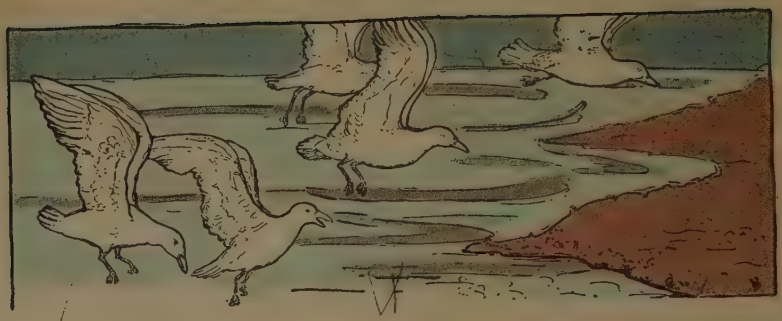
On Deck

The deck was a fine place to play.
Nan and Ned brought out their toys.
There were many other little boys and girls on the deck.
Nan asked them to play.
They all wanted to play "house."
All wanted to be "Father" or "Mother."
Nan was the mother for a while.
Ned was the father.
All the rest were the children.
They played "house" all the morning.



Playing "I Spy"

The next day the children played "I spy."
Ned was "It."
There are many good places to hide
on the deck of a ship.
Nan hid behind a lifeboat.
There are many lifeboats on a ship.
One little boy hid behind a deck chair.
Another was covered with a rug.
Ned called—"One, two, three, look out
for me."
"Sh-h-h! Here he comes!"
Then all were still.



The Sea Gulls

Nan: Look! Look! See the big birds, Ned!
They are sea gulls.
There are many of them.
See how they ride on the water!
Shall we feed them?
They all come for bread.

Ned: O Nan! I see a big ship with our flag.
Is it going to New York?
It looks like a big house on the water.
The sea gulls have been with us
four days.
They follow the strange ship back
to America.

At the Dock In Holland

Ned: Here we are in Holland!
We were twelve days coming
to Holland.
We are glad to get off the ship.

Nan: How funny the little boys and
girls look!

Ned: Our Dutch cousins must be here.

Nan: O Mother! there is Hilda!
Here comes Hans, too!

Hilda: We are so glad to see you,
Ned and Nan.

Hans: Come with us to our home, cousins.
We shall have a ride on a canal boat.

The Dutch Children

Hans looks like a little old man.
He wears a vest and a little round cap.
His trousers are long and wide.
Hilda looks like a little old woman.
She wears a long dress and a black apron.
She looks so fat and funny.
She wears a queer white cap.
There are brass buttons on the cap.
The sides of the cap look like horns.
What queer shoes they wear!

The Wooden Shoes

Nan: Click! Clack! Click! Clack!
What is that noise?

Hans: The little Dutch boys and girls
have wooden shoes.

Ned: Do the shoes hurt your feet, Hans?

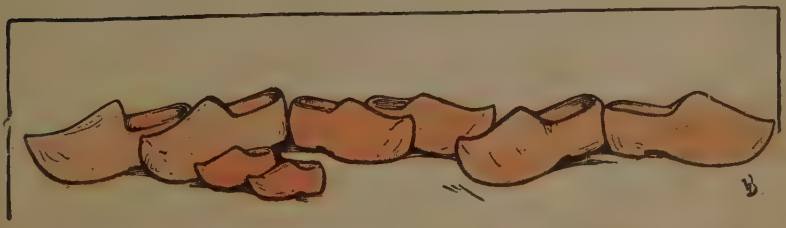
Hans: No, I wear thick stockings.
Hilda wears thick stockings, too.
Hilda knits the stockings.
She is only seven years old.

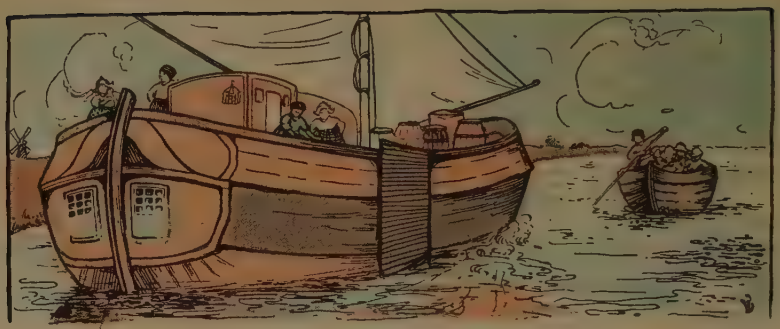
Ned: Could you do that, Nan?

Hilda: All the little Dutch girls can knit.

Ned: Father has our trunks now.

Nan: We can go to your home, Hans.
Is it far? Do we go all the way
by boat?





The Canal Boat

Ned: Does this boat take us all the way, Hans?

Hans: Yes, we go on the canal.

Ned: Then the canal is a water street.

Hans: It will take us four hours to go. I can show you many canals in Holland.

Ned: Look at the little house on that boat! Is it a real house?

Hans: Yes. People live there.

Ned: See the flowers! See the bird cage! I see children playing on the deck They have a dog, too, and a cat.

The Dutch Home

Nan: This is the home of our Dutch cousins.

Nan: What a small house!

Ned: It does not look like our home.

Nan: It looks like a fairy's home.
The house is blue with a red roof.
What queer trees! The trunks
are blue.

Hilda: Sometimes they paint them
other colors.

The Trees

Nan: The trees do not look like real trees.

Ned: Some are cut to look like big balls, some like cubes, and some like cones.

Nan: This one looks like an umbrella.

Ned: See! That tree looks like an elephant.

Nan: This one looks like a rooster.
Oh Ned, it is a real fairyland!
Shall we go inside the house?
Hans and Hilda take off their shoes at the door.

Ned: Must we take off ours?

Hans: The Dutch children do not wear their wooden shoes in the house.

The Bedroom

Nan: Hilda, won't you show us to our room?

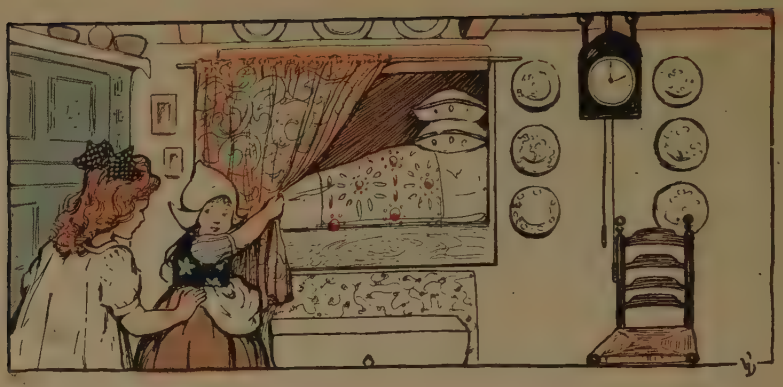
Hilda: Why, yes; come with me, cousins.

Nan: This is a funny bed, Ned.
It is so high.
How can we get into it?
Ned, please bring the steps and
we will climb in.

Ned: We did this on the steamer.
Isn't it great fun?

Nan: Feather beds over us!
Feather beds under us!

Hilda: Pleasant dreams, Ned and Nan.



The Bed in the Wall

Ned: Where is your bed, Hans?

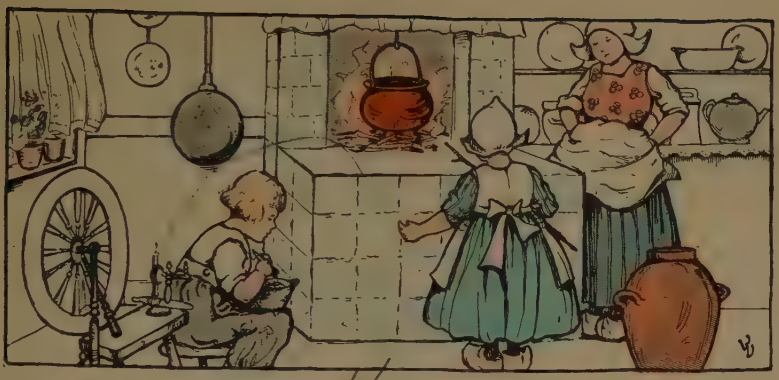
Hans: You would never guess.
Come into the kitchen.
Now look all around.

Nan: There is no place for a bed here.
I don't see one.

Hilda: I will show you.
I will pull back the curtains.

Nan: O! what a funny place to sleep!
It looks like a cupboard.
May I sleep there sometime?

Ned: I'd like to sleep there, too.



The Dutch Fireplace

Hans: Isn't it time for dinner, Hilda?

Nan: Look at the blue dishes!

Hilda: There are windmills and Dutch boys and girls on them.

Ned: Where is the stove, Hans?

Hans: We don't have stoves, Ned. Mother cooks in the fireplace.

Hilda: I clean the brass pots and kettles.

Nan: How they shine! I can see my face in them.

See the pots and kettles hanging all around the fireplace.

The Stable

The children went to see the cow stable.
It was as clean as the house.
The floor was made of brick.
It was scrubbed every day.
The walls were white and clean.
The windows had white curtains.
There were flowers in the windows!
They washed and combed the cows every day.
The cows' tails were tied to the ceiling.
This helped to keep the cows clean.
Hans' father wore a white suit when he milked the cows.
The Dutch people are very clean.

The Geese

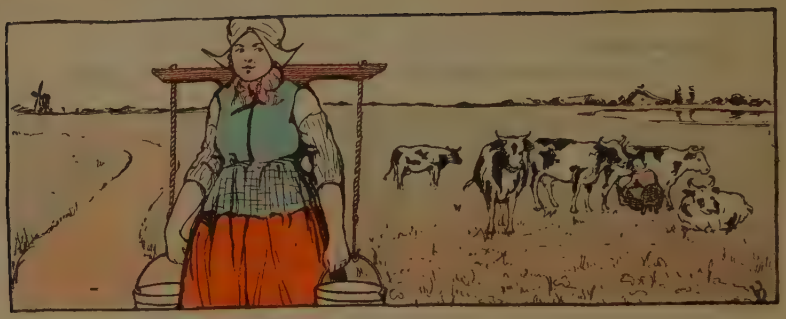
Hilda: Here come some more of our pets!
They are coming to welcome you, Nan.

Nan: I am afraid, Hilda.
The geese have their mouths open.
They make a strange noise.

Ned: Hans says they won't hurt you.
They are just glad to see you.

Hilda: The old gander is looking at Ned.
He will not hurt him.

Hans: There is water all around us.
Of course, we have many geese
in Holland.



Woman Carrying Milk

Nan: Let's see what that woman is doing.
What has she on her shoulders?

Hans: That is a yoke, Nan.
She is going to the pasture to
milk the cows.
In Holland, the women milk the cows.

Hilda: See how she carries the milk!
The yoke fits over her neck
and shoulders.
Long hooks hang on each side.
She hooks a pail of milk to each one.

Ned: It must be easy to carry milk or
water in that way.

Butter and Cheese

Hilda's mother makes butter and cheese from the milk.

The cows eat nice fresh grass, so the butter and cheese are good.

The butter is sweet and yellow.

The children drink the buttermilk.

The cheese is made into a ball.

It is called Edam cheese.

Hilda's father takes the butter and cheese to market.

Some of the cheese comes to America.

The Children Churning

Hilda can make butter

The churn looks like a small barrel.

It is too high for Hilda.

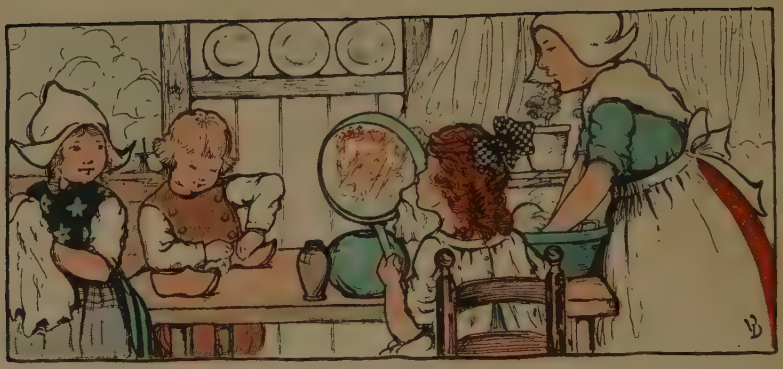
She has to stand on a stool.

The dasher is a long stick with two little boards across the bottom.

Hilda washes the churn with hot water.

Then she puts in the cream.

Then, all is ready for the churning.
She works the dasher up and down.
Soon she gets very tired, for it is hard work
to churn.
Now, Ned tries his hand.
Splash, splash! Splash, splash!
"Go faster, Ned," says Hans.
Hans takes the dasher to show Ned.
Soon little bits of butter come on the dasher.
Hilda opens the churn.
See the yellow butter and the thick,
white buttermilk!
The butter is washed and put into
a large bowl.
Each child has a drink of buttermilk.
"Isn't this good?" shouts Ned.
"I wish we could make butter at home,"
says Nan.
Hilda washes the churn and puts it away.



Scrubbing

Scrub! Scrub! Scrub! Scrub!
To-day is scrubbing day.
Nan says every day is scrubbing day.
Dutch people keep things very clean.
Hilda takes down all the blue dishes.
Her mother washes them.
They are Grandmother's dishes and
Hilda might break them.
"May I clean the brass pans, Hilda?"
asked Nan.
"Yes, Nan, but you must be able to see
your face in them."

Hans is scrubbing all the wooden shoes.
He hangs them on a tree to dry.
Hilda's mother is scrubbing the steps and the door.
Look! she scrubs the outside of the house!
"Why, Hans! What are you doing now?" asked Ned.
Hans is scrubbing the trees.
Then he scrubs the bricks in the walk.
"Is the scrubbing done, Hilda?" asked Nan.
"No, we must scrub our dogs," said Hilda.
Poor dogs! They do not like it.
The soap gets into their eyes.
Hilda's father is scrubbing the cows.
The cows do not like it either.
Ha! Ha! Now the children will scrub themselves.
Boys and girls do not like to be scrubbed either.

The Windmills

Nan: Come on, Hans, and show us
the windmills.
I ran close to one yesterday,
when I was playing.
The big fans blew my hair and
it felt nice and cool.

Ned: How many windmills are there
on your farm, Hans?

Hans: Father has nine windmills.

Ned: Why do you have so many?

Hans: We need them to do our work.

Hilda: The windmills do many kinds
of work.
Some grind wheat into flour.
Some grind rice into flour.
Some grind seeds for making oil.
Others saw trees into boards.

Hans: Water-windmills sometimes work
all day and all night.
The land is very low in Holland.
If we did not have windmills,
the water would cover the land.
It would spoil our gardens and farms.
People could not live in Holland
without windmills.

Nan: May we go inside a windmill?

Hilda: Oh yes, sometimes people live there.

Hans: We have a friend who lives
in a windmill.
Her name is Nina.

Nan: Does it look like our house inside?
I wish we could go to see Nina.

Hilda: We will take you to her home.

Hans: Father says we may go
to visit Nina to-day.
We will go by canal.

Hilda: Do you see that water-windmill
over there?
That is where Nina lives.

Hans: I see Nina now.
Nina, come and meet our cousins!

Hilda: Ned and Nan came from America.
They have never been in a windmill.

Hans: Show them what your windmill does,
Nina.

Nina: Do you see the pumps? They
are going now.
The wind blows the great arms
of the windmill.

It turns them round and round.
That makes the pumps go.
They do their work when
the wind blows.

Ned: What are the pumps for?

Nina: The pumps take the water from the little canals all around the farm.

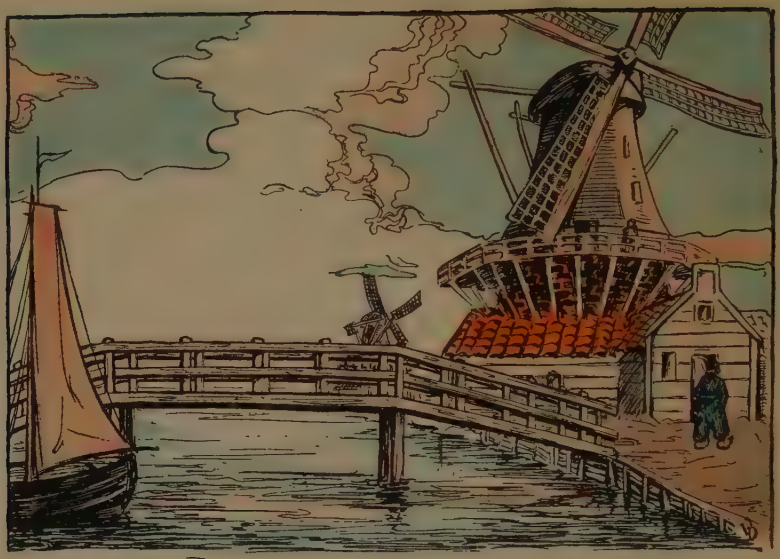
Ned: Where does the water go then?

Nina: It goes into the big canals and back to the ocean.

Hans: The people need the water
in the canals.
It keeps the land from getting
too dry.
But too much water is not good
for the farms.

Nan: Do you like to live in a windmill, Nina?

Nina: Yes, but when there is a big storm,



I am afraid.

Nan: Oh! We were afraid, too,
when we were on the ship.
One day we had a big storm.

Ned: The waves went almost over the ship.
We wished we were at home then.

Nina: The wind howls and makes
the big arms creak.
It sounds so terrible in the night.

Sometimes, when the wind blows,
we sit up all night.
Let us go to the windmill
that grinds our wheat.

Ned: What are the two big stones for?

Nina: They turn in different ways
and grind the wheat.
Don't you see it between the stones?
Then it is sifted through fine cloth.

Hans: Look down there! There is the flour.
Now you know how flour is made.

Nan: Let us make a toy windmill
when we get home, Ned.

Ned: Won't our friends like to hear
about the Dutch windmills?

Nan: We have had a good time, Nina.

All: Goodbye, Nina! Goodbye, Nina.

VI Going Fishing

Hilda: We are going fishing to-day.
Hans and Ned are digging the worms.
Sometimes we fish with minnows.

Nan: Hilda and I will put up the lunch.

Hilda: What shall we put into the basket?

Nan: Sh! Sh! Don't tell. It shall be
a secret.
The boys must guess.
We will say to the boys,
"If you don't guess right,
you can't eat."

Hilda: Poor boys! they will be very hungry.

Ned: Look at the hills all around here.

Hans: They are not hills. They are dikes.
They are walls made of earth.
The land in Holland is lower
than the sea.
The Dutch people made these walls
to keep out the sea.
They have men watch the dikes,
day and night.
If there is a leak in the dike,
they ring their bells.
The people run to help the guards.

Hilda: They use large mats of straw
to keep the water out.
We can walk and drive on the dikes.
Sometimes the dikes are higher
than the houses.

Nan: Here is a long pier, Ned.
See how far it goes out into the water.

Ned: This is a good place to fish.
We sit with our shoes in the water.
Water does not spoil wooden shoes.

Nan: I wish we had wooden shoes, Ned.
Pull! Pull! Quick, Ned,
you have a fish!

Ned: You have a fish, too.
This is good luck for us.

Hilda: Mother will cook the fish for supper.

Hans: I am hungry. Can't we have
our lunch now?

Nan: Yes, but you and Ned must guess
what is in the lunch basket.

Ned: I guess cheese.

Hans: I say herring.

Ned: I guess black bread.

Hilda: Good! Good! What else?
Do you give up? Must I tell you?
Well, we have eight dolls.

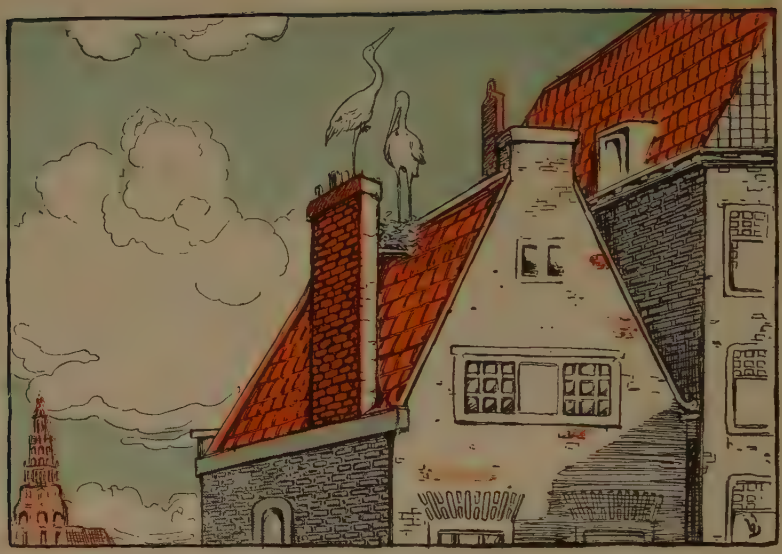
Ned: Aw! We can't eat dolls.

Nan: O yes you can!
These are gingerbread dolls.

Hans: There are the dolls for boys.
What fun we shall have
eating our lunch.
After lunch we will sail
our wooden shoes in the water.

Nan: Oh! I almost fell into the canal.

Ned: Nan lost her shoe, but I got it
with a long stick.
I came very near falling
into the water, too.



The Storks

Ned: We like to walk on the dikes.
We see so many strange things.

Nan: What kind of birds are those on the roofs of the houses?
What long red legs they have!
How big they are!

Hans: They are storks. Did you never see a stork before?
We have many of them here.

Ned: One of them has only one leg!
Where is his head?

Hans: That is the way he sleeps, Ned.
Could you sleep standing on one foot?

Hilda: We like to have storks on our farm.
Folks say they bring us good luck.

Hans: See that one on the nest.
They like to nest near the chimney.
We build little platforms for them.

Hilda: We want the storks to bring
good luck to our home.

Hans: Didn't you see the stork houses
on our farm?
Some of them are on high poles.

Nan: O, yes! They are like our bird houses
at home, only larger.

Ned: There are many storks at the farm.
They are quite tame.

Hilda: We see that no one harms them.

Hans: The stork eats frogs and toads that go hopping about the canals.

Hilda: He eats snakes and lizards, too. With his long neck and long bill he can fish without getting wet.

Hans: He likes the things that he gets from the mud.

Ned: I see how the stork helps the farmer, and brings good luck.

Hans: Look at their long legs. You would know that they wade in the water. The storks cannot find food when it becomes cold. In winter they go where it is warm, and come back in the spring.

Hilda: How glad we are to see the storks in the spring.

Going to Market

Hans: This is market day.
Father will take us in the canal boat.

Ned: Let us help to load the boat, Hans.
Hilda, bring the cabbages. Nan,
bring the onions.
Hans, bring the beets and I
will take the carrots.

Hans: But Father must carry the tulip bulbs.
Do you know why?

Hilda: He is afraid we will spoil the bulbs.
He sells them for a great deal
of money.
His tulips are more beautiful
than any others.

Hans: Some day Father will tell us a story
about Dutch tulips.

Nan: Are we ready to go to market now?

Hilda: No! Hans must bring Father's horn.

Nan: Why do we need a horn, Hilda?

Hilda: Wait and see.
Toot! Toot! Here we go!

Ned: How near we go to the houses!

Hans: Father talks to a man on the street,
as we go along in the boat.
The man is selling vegetables
from his cart.

Nan: See the beautiful window boxes
of vines and flowers!

Some are on the low roof.
It looks like a flower garden
on the roof.

Hilda: There are flower boxes over some
of the doors.

Nan: The flowers make the little Dutch
houses look very pretty.

Ned: See the bird in the cage, Nan!
We can hear it singing.

Nan: Look at the little boy and the girl!
They are washing their faces and
hands in the canal.

Hilda: The women are washing clothes
in the canal.

Nan: How strange that is!
What a funny washboard, Hilda!

Hilda: It is a big, flat stone.
See the women talking and laughing.

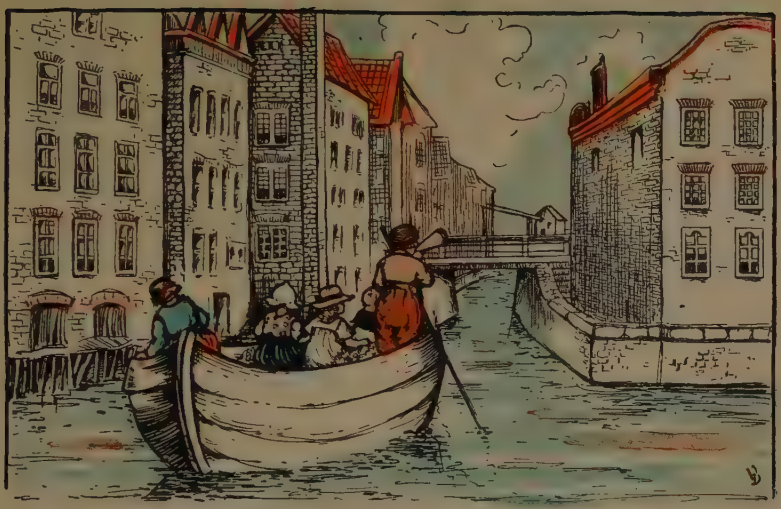
Nan: See how many wooden shoes there are

outside that house!
There are too many to count.

Hans: That is a school house.
Wooden shoes are too noisy
in the school room.
They go, "Klomp, klomp, klomp,"
on the floor.
The children could not hear.
Then, too, the shoes might dirty
the floor.

Ned: Why is the horse walking so
near the canal?
See the big rope!

Hans: The horse is pulling the heavy boat
by the rope.
Father uses a pole for his boat.
He goes close to the bank and can
push the boat along with the pole.
The boat does not go very fast.



Ned: Look at that tiny bridge.
See the little house on it!
Oh! Oh! What will we do?
We can't go under the bridge!

Hilda: Father will blow the horn now.
A man is in the little house
on the bridge.
He will make the bridge go up
so we can go on.

Hans: Do you know now why Father
brought the horn?

Sometimes he uses it to call
to other boats.
Here are four boats with flowers.
They are called flower boats.
See the daffodils, crocuses, hyacinths,
tulips, and lilies.
It looks like a flower parade.
In Holland we see flower boats every day.
The Dutch people take flowers
to the markets.
They buy flowers for their churches
and homes.
They buy flowers for each other's birthdays.
Do you have flowers when you have
a birthday?
Hans' father sells flowers and vegetables.
Toot! Toot! Hans' father wishes to talk
to a man in one of the flower boats.
He calls him Jacob.
Jacob wants to know who the children are.

He knows they are not Dutch children,
because they do not look like them.
Ned told him he lived in America.
Jacob will give the children a ride in his
flower-boat some day.
What fun to ride with all the flowers!
The flowers are all different colors.
Toot! Toot! They are landing now.
Oh, how many people there are here!
They are in a square with stores
on all sides.
It is called a market-place.
Some women sit under big umbrellas.
They are knitting and sewing.
They are waiting for people to buy.
They come early in the morning and
stay all day long.
See them laughing and talking!
They must be having a good time.

The Fruit and Vegetable Market

Some people put their vegetables in little carts and go from house to house.
Hilda's father takes his to the market.
Here come some women with baskets of vegetables on their arms.
They buy fruit and vegetables for dinner.
Is this all they can buy in the market?
They will go to a fish market.
The women with big baskets sell fish.
See the storks around here!
There are many storks in the fish market.

Butter and Cheese Market

This market has butter, cheese, and eggs.
A large cloth is spread on the ground.
Then the cheeses are piled on the cloth.
The cheeses look like large red balls.
The butter must be kept from the sun.
The eggs are large and clean.
They are kept in a cool place.
The market opens at four o'clock
in the morning.
How very early the men must get up!
This market is not open every day.

Ned and Hans ran away from the girls.
They came to another market.
Here they found a coop full of chickens.
There are some ducks, too.
Here is a place to buy animal cakes.
Ned will buy a horse and a dog.
Hans buys a cow and a pig.
"Oh Hans! I ate the horse's tail!
Ha! Ha! Now I will eat his ears,"
said Ned.
Hans said, "Let us take some cakes
to the girls."
What a strange sign, "For Sale. Fire
and Water."
How can people buy fire and water?
Some Dutch people are very poor.
They cannot have a fire all day.
So, before dinner, they buy a can of coals.
Sometimes they buy a can of hot water, too.

The Tulips

In April, there are many tulips in bloom
in Holland.
There are many other kinds of flowers.
We can smell the flowers.
The sweet odor comes from miles away.
The gardens of Holland look like
beautiful carpets of flowers.
The flowers for the markets come
from the gardens and fields.

There are big fields of red tulips, and fields of yellow and white ones.

"Ned, did you ever see so many tulips?" asked Hans.

"Dutch people do not care so much for the flowers as for the bulbs.

Do you know why?

They sell many bulbs to Americans.

They sell them all over the world.

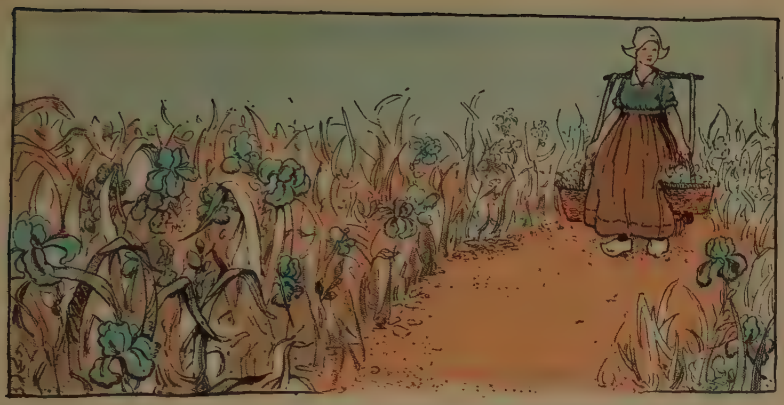
Many Dutch people make their living in this way."

"Will you give us some bulbs, Hans?

We want to take them to America," said Nan.

"We shall have a tulip bed, Nan, but not so large as Hilda's.

The flowers will be just like hers," said Ned.



A Flower Carnival

From April to June the fields hold
a flower carnival.
The snowdrops and crocuses come first.
The hyacinths, narcissuses, and tulips
are next.
The anemones and peonies follow.
The last is the stately iris.
Do you know how the tulips got their name?
They are named tulips from *tulipa*,
a Turk's cap.
Do you think they look like turbans?
They nod their bright heads to us.

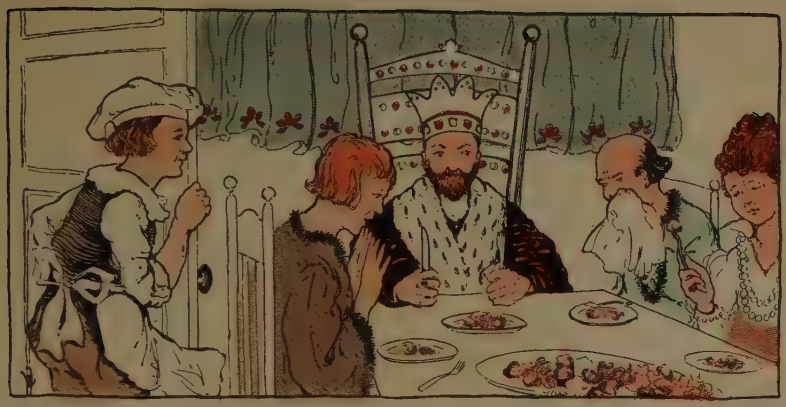
The Tulip Story

Hilda: Now, Father, tell us a bedtime story.

Father: What shall I tell you?

Nan: Tell us the Tulip story.

Father: Once upon a time, there was a king.
He did not live in Holland.
He liked flowers very much.
He knew that he could buy beautiful
tulip bulbs in Holland.
So he sent for hundreds of the bulbs.
Of course, he paid a great deal
of money for them.
The box with the bulbs came
to the king's servant.
He thought these bulbs were
a new kind of onion.
In a few days, the king had
a big party.
He invited many friends.



The cook thought it would be fine to have these new onions for dinner.

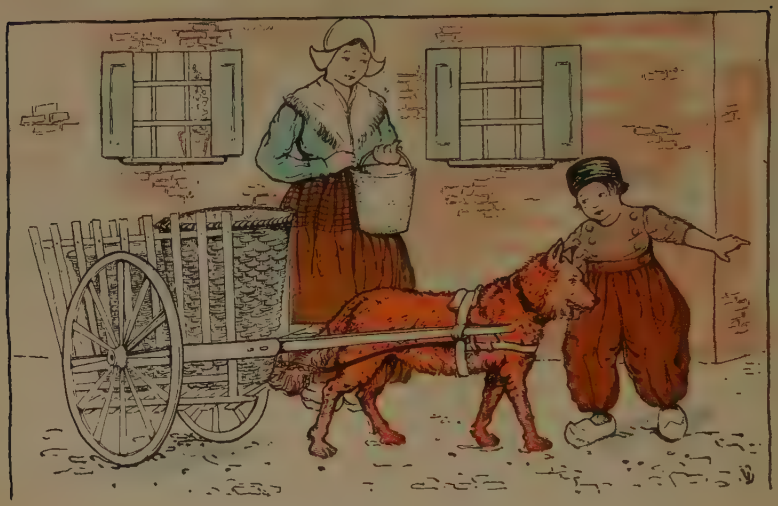
He watched with great joy to see the people eat the onions.

What ugly faces they made when they bit into the cooked bulbs!

They were not fit to eat.

The king was so angry that he would not go into his garden.

The Dutch people now call this tulip "The Storm Tulip," because the king was so angry.



Dutch Dog Carts

Look at the dogs!
They are harnessed like horses.
The Dutch dogs have to do the work
of horses.
The dogs pull the carts to town.
In the carts are fresh butter, cheese, eggs,
and milk.
Dogs pull vegetable carts, too.
They pull carts for the butcher
and the baker.

and hot [illegible] to the poor people.

If you are in the city very early in the morning, you will see these busy little carts.

They go from house to house.

Some people in Holland have only one dog.

If the milk cart is heavy, the man helps the dog to pull it.

Sometimes the woman helps the dog to pull it.

This looks very queer to Americans.

Many women of Holland work out of doors.

They work in the fields raising bulbs.

They help gather the flowers.

Sometimes they take them to market.

The children are helpers, too.

See the dogs coming so fast!

Whoa! Whoa! Stop! Stop! What is the matter?

The dogs are fighting.
O no! they are chasing a cat!
Now they are fighting.
The cat jumps on the dog's back.
Bow wow! Bow wow!
Mew! Mew! S-s-t! S-s-t! S-s-t!
Here comes the man who owns the dogs.
What do you suppose will happen?
Ah! He is too late! Over goes
the milk wagon!
Splash! Splash! Out goes the milk!
It is on the sidewalk, on the wagon,
and on the dogs.
The dogs are twisted up in the harness.
The harness and wagon are broken.
The dogs cannot run.
Where is the cat? Ha! Ha! She is sitting
in a tree.
She is smiling at the dogs.

The New Baby

Hilda: Come, Nan, let's go for a walk.

Nan: O! Hilda! Look at that red cushion.
Why, it is hanging on the door
of that house.
Some one must have forgotten
to take it in.

Hilda: O no! Nan, it tells us that a baby boy
has come to that house.
That is the way they tell their
good news to their friends.

Nan: That is a funny way to do.
What if a baby girl comes?

Hilda: Then they put out a blue or a white cushion.

Once I saw a piece of red string on a door.

Father said the people were very poor.

They could not buy a red cushion, so they used a string.

Nan: We make cushions in our schools.

But we never use them in that way.

I shall tell my friends all about this.

I will send you a red cushion and a blue one.

Hilda: In a few days, after a new baby comes, the mother has a tea party.

Nan: May we go to the party?

Did you ever go to such a party?

Hilda: No. It is not a little girls' party or a little boys' party.

It is only for mothers.

Nan: Will your mother go to this party?

Hilda: Yes, Mother will go.
They will use the best dishes and Grandmother's silver spoons.
The spoons are very old and worn.
They were made from silver coins.

Nan: What will they have to eat?

Hilda: For this baby, they will have little cakes with frosting.
But, of course, they can only make believe that the baby can eat cake.

Nan: What would they have if the baby were a girl?

Hilda: They would have little cakes with brown seeds.

Nan: I think it must be fun to go to such a party.
I wish we could go.
We do not have parties like that.
We have many other parties, and maybe we have just as much fun.

The Kermis

Here are the children at the Kermis.

Hans: The Kermis is a holiday time.
It comes the last week of August each year.
People come from all the country.
They visit their friends in the city.

Ned: It is like our fair in America.

Hilda: Everybody goes to the Kermis for a good time.
The Dutch families take hold of hands and walk in rows.

Hans: The boys and girls wear their best clothes at the Kermis.

Nan: Look at all the different caps. What do they mean?

Hilda: Oh! I can tell where each little girl comes from by the cap she wears. Some of the caps are very beautiful. They are made of fine lace, and cost a great deal of money.

Hans: Come on, Ned, let's have a swing. Hilda and Nan want to swing, too.

Ned: Girls always want to do the same things that boys do.

Hans: O Ned, here is a Giddy-go-round.
Look at all the animals!

Ned: May we have a ride?
Let's count our money.

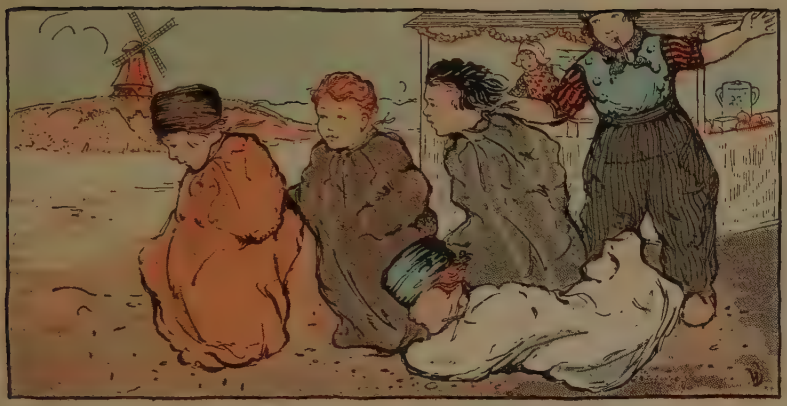
Hilda: I want to ride on the camel.

Nan: I want to ride on the elephant.

Ned: I want to ride on the horse.

Hans: I want to ride on the big fish.

The children went around three times.
Then the music stopped, and they got off.
They wished another ride, but there were many other things to do at the Kermis.



Hans and Ned were in the bag race.
How funny they looked!
The one that got to the pole first
won a nice pair of skates.
The second best got a fish pole.
All stood in a line.
The man called, "One, two, three! Go!"
Each boy started. Down went four.
They tried to get up, but could not.
The other two hopped along.
Then one fell and rolled over and over.
Ned was the only boy to get to the pole.
He proudly carried the prize home.

Hans and Ned went into a show.

They saw some little dogs doing all kinds of tricks.

They saw a place to buy ribbon cake.

Oh, how long it was! How did they eat it?

Hans began at one end, and Ned began at the other.

They ate as fast as they could.

They ate until their noses touched.

Here are some round, rich cakes, with butter and sugar on them.

There are twenty cakes all in one.

"I want one of these," said Ned.

"Could you eat twenty cakes at one time, Hans?"

"Oh yes, it is easy to eat this kind."

Hans did eat twenty cakes and so did Ned.

Ned had a dream that night.

Nan thought Ned was ill.

He groaned and talked all night.

Ned's Dream

This was Ned's dream.
Here comes a giant soldier.
He has a big gun and he is coming for Hans.
He says Hans ate twenty cakes.
He must whip boys who eat so many cakes.
Hans eats the soldier's gun. Now he is safe.
Here is a piece of cake so long that it will reach from Holland to America.
Ned and Hans must eat this long cake.
The giant soldier says that they must eat it all in one minute.
If not he will put them in a dark cave.
Oh! Oh! They can't eat it.
Mother calls, "Ned! Ned! Why are you crying? It is time to get up.
Don't you want your breakfast?"
Ned was crying, "Where is the soldier? Where is the cake?"

Writing a Letter

The children have been to the Kermis
for a whole week.
Ned is tired and is thinking of his home.
He is writing a letter to one of his friends.
This friend lives in Chicago.
Ned used to play with him.
Ned asks his mother to spell a word for him.
His mother spells this word, "W-i-l-l-i-a-m."
What was the friend's name?
Perhaps you would like to read the letter.

Ned's Letter

Valburg, Holland, Sept. 1, 1915.

Dear William:

I wish you were with Nan and me, because we are having such a fine time in Holland. Last week we went to the Kermis. It is like our country fair. Everybody goes just to have a good time.

The canals here are the roads. The people go to market in boats. Great banks of earth and stone, called dikes, keep the water in the canals from flowing over the land.

How are our friends in America? Do you play games with Fred and May? Tell them we are coming home soon.

Write me a long letter, and tell Nan and me what you have been doing.

Your loving friend,

NED.

Skating on the Ice

Hilda: Come, children, see what is
on the ground!
You will be glad winter is here.
We shall have some fun now.

Hans: All right. Get your skates.
Everybody skates in Holland.
It is easier to skate than to walk.

Hilda: We can go very fast on our skates.
Hans' skates are made of steel.
Nan's are made of wood.

The very fine ones are silver plated.

Did you ever read about "Hans Brinker and his Silver Skates"?

He could almost fly on his skates.

He could go faster than a horse.

Hans: Some people take off their shoes when they skate.

Then they tie their skates on their feet with a string.

The Dutch people glide over the ice very easily.

Nan: They look like bright birds as they skim along.

Men and women are carrying big baskets on their heads.

Ned: Are they going to market?

Hans: Yes, they carry butter, cheese, and milk to the markets in this way.

Some of the Dutch people have dogs to pull sleds to market.

The Ice Boat

Look out! Here comes an ice boat!
It has a big sail on it.
See how fast it goes!
It is taking butter and cheese to market.
What an easy way to go to market!
How funny! Here is a little store on the ice.
The children go in to buy something.
If it is cold, they get hot chocolate.
They can get coffee and milk.
There are all kinds of cakes, too.
They get very hungry when they skate.

The Ice Chair

What a queer looking sled is coming!
Why, it is a chair!
There is a lady riding in it.
The chair is on runners that look like
big skates.
A man is skating and pushing the chair.
They go very fast.
The lady is wrapped in furs.
Do you know how she keeps her feet warm?

Her feet are on a wooden stool.
It is made like a box with one end open.
There are holes in the lid.
Inside the box is a bowl of red hot coals.
Nan calls this box a foot stove.
People carry them to church.
They use them in their homes, too.
The stone floors are very cold.
It is cold in Holland.
The fireplace does not keep people warm.
The lady uses her box for a hand stove, too.
When her feet are warm, she will put it on her lap, and warm her hands.
The lady's name is on her foot stove.
It is made with bright, brass nails.
Not all Dutch people have these stoves.
This is the way Hilda's name would look on her foot stove.

Fishing through the Ice

The children are on the big canal now.
They are watching the men fishing.
These men make their living in this way.
They have cut a large hole in the ice.
They have caught a fish.
Sometimes the ice cracks and breaks off with a man on it.
Then the fisherman is carried on the ice, far out into the sea.
Hilda is glad her father is not a fisherman.

Just think, Hilda and Hans can go everywhere on skates.

In America they do not have so many places to skate.

They skate on ponds and rivers.

They can't skate every day, either.

When the ice is thick enough on the pond, a signal is put up.

Then the children are very happy because they can go skating.

Hans and Hilda go to school on skates.

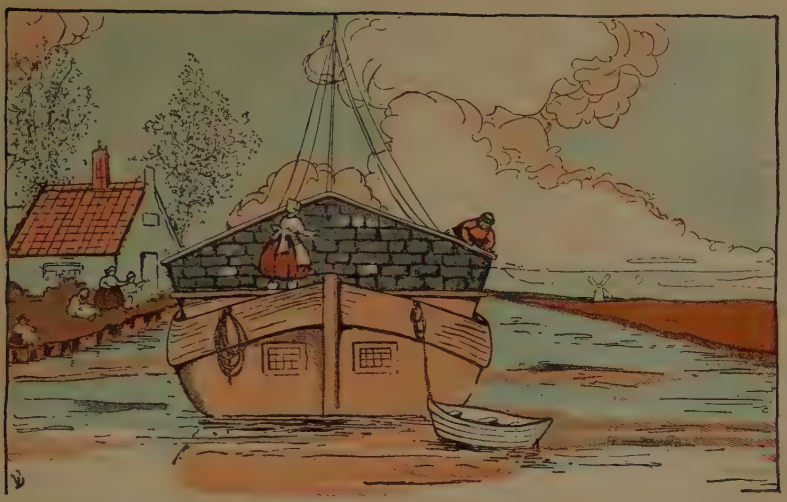
They can go to visit Grandmother on skates.

But Father said he would take them to Grandmother's in an ice sail boat.

They will have to take their foot stoves in the ice boat.

What fun the children had on the canal boats!

This will be just as much fun.



A Load of Peat

Ned: There comes another black boat.
I see them every day.
They don't carry vegetables, or flowers, or milk, or butter.

Hans: No, they carry peat.

Ned: It looks like black bricks.
I never heard of peat. What is it?
I can see four boats now with the peat.
The boats are flat and they go very slowly.

Hans: Peat is dried earth that comes from the wet lands.
Grass grew on the land at one time.
Before the Dutch people built dikes, the water was all over the land.
The peat is cut in bricks and dried in the sun.

Ned: What do you do with peat?

Hans: We use it to warm our houses and cook our food.

Ned: Why don't you use coal or wood?
That's what we use in America.

Hans: Why, there is only one coal mine in Holland.
There are not many forests, but there are many peat lands.

Ned: Can we go to see the peat lands?

Hans: It wouldn't be any fun to go there.
The land is so wet, that we would go up to our knees in mud and water.

The Feast of St. Nicholas

Mother is baking cakes for the feast of St. Nicholas.

The feast of St. Nicholas is like our Christmas in America.

St. Nicholas does not wait until our Christmas to come to Holland.

He comes to the Dutch people on December the fifth.

He comes in a sleigh pulled by a big white horse.

You hear him in the night.
The bells go jingle, jingle.
In this sleigh is a wonderful bag,
that all children love to see.
There is always a blackman in the sleigh with St. Nicholas.
He holds one corner of the bag, and helps to give out the presents.
Sometimes a big sheet is put on the floor.
Then St. Nicholas throws some of the presents into the sheet.
He hides some of them all around the house.

In Holland, they use their wooden shoes. They put them right in front of the fireplace. Do you know why?

Ned: O Nan! Do you remember that story we read at Christmas time in school?

It was about a little girl named Piccola.

Nan: She put her wooden shoe outside of the door for good St. Nicholas. I think St. Nicholas is the Dutch Santa Claus.

Ned: I wish he would come to us as early as he comes in Holland.

It is so long to wait for our Christmas. Our Christmas is December twenty-fifth.

Hans: We'll take Ned and Nan to the city to see the St. Nicholas toys.

They will skate on the canal.

Nan and Ned are good skaters now.
They see many men and women, and many boys and girls on the ice.
They are all skating to or from the city.
Most of them are such fine skaters that they can cut figures on the ice.
Tiny little children can cut the figure 8.
Sometimes the boys and girls dance on their skates.
The ice boats glide by them and the sleigh bells jingle.
Everybody looks gay and happy.
The little stores on the canal are busy selling hot things to eat and drink.
It is a busy time.
All are getting ready for the feast of St. Nicholas.
The fir trees are standing in the markets.
It makes a market look like a park.
Hans and Hilda can hardly wait.

They will have all kinds of cakes to eat.

The big stores are ready for the feast of St. Nicholas.

The windows are full of toys, cakes, candies, and pretty lights.

Dutch people do not have Christmas trees in their stores.

Some of the Dutch people have them in their homes.

There are not many trees in Holland.

They have to send away for them.

That makes them cost a great deal of money.

"Do you send to America for them?" asked Ned.

"O no!" said Hans. "That is too far away. It would take a long time to get them, and it would cost too much."

"It does not seem like Christmas without the trees in the stores and a Santa Claus standing by the tree," answered Ned.

St. Nicholas

Hans and Ned go to a store, where they see St. Nicholas in the window.

He has a big bag in his hand.

They can have a gift from his bag, but they must buy something in the store.

Ned bought a gingerbread cow.

Hans bought some cakes with seeds in them.

"Now put your hand into the bag and see what you get," said Hilda.

"I have a horn!" said Ned.

"I have a drum!" said Hans.

Ned wants to buy something more.

Eve of St. Nicholas

Hilda: On St. Nicholas' eve we will put our largest shoes near the fireplace. Do you know why we use the largest ones? Ha! ha!

Hans: We will put carrots and hay in our shoes for St. Nicholas' horse.

Ned: Suppose you get a present too large for your shoe, Hans.

Hans: The black man hides the large presents all over the house.

Then everybody hunts for them.

Nan: Suppose you found a present that was not yours.

Hilda: We give it to the person whose name is on it.

Hilda: It is St. Nicholas' eve. I hear people singing.

They go from house to house and sing St. Nicholas songs.

O Nan! Listen! They are coming to our house.

Ned: What are they singing, Hilda?

Hilda: They are singing "Holy Night."

Nan: We sing that at Christmas time, too.

Isn't it a pretty song to hear on St. Nicholas' eve?

I am so happy, I can't go to sleep.

I hope St. Nicholas will come soon.

Ned: I wish I would dream about all the things that I saw in the stores.

St. Nicholas Day

Hilda hears the clock strike three.
It is too early to get up now.
She is afraid St. Nicholas has not come yet.
She goes to sleep again.
It is still dark and only five o'clock.
Nan calls, "Merry Christmas!
Merry Christmas!
Run to the shoes! Look! Look!
Ha! Ha! They are full and running over.
Fruit, candy, animal cakes, and gingerbread dolls.

Let's hunt for the other presents."

"Look at Hilda! She has found a box of soldiers," said Ned.

"O! Hans! They are yours."

"Yes, but I found this big doll; with HILDA on it," said Hans.

Hilda: What fun this is!
Ned found his own present.

Ned: Oh! Just what I wanted; a pair of silver plated skates!

Hans: Nan is hunting everywhere.
I wonder if she will get what she wants, too.
Yes! Yes! Look, Hilda!
Nan has a pair of wooden shoes just like your best ones.
She will have to learn to walk and run in them.
They will drop off at first.

Hilda: We must be sure to find everything.
Now, let's trade cakes.
I'll trade this gingerbread doll for the cake you have, Nan.

Nan: Yes, I like the gingerbread dolls.
Nan's cake is like a little tunnel.
The hole is filled with nut icing.
The best of all are the gingerbread dolls.
There is one for each person.
Even Mother and Father get dolls.
Isn't it funny for big people to get gingerbread dolls?
Hans' mother got a gingerbread man.
His father got a gingerbread woman, with a big ruffle around her neck.
The children wish St. Nicholas day would come more than once a year.

A Holland New Year Greeting

I wish you a happy New Year,
Long may you live!
Much may you give!
Happy may you die!
And Heaven be yours, by and by.

The Coming of Spring

Jack Frost has left for the Northland.

There is no more skating.

There is no more jingling of the sleighbells.

The people are glad to see their good luck storks again.

They have come from the sunny South.

Hans' father will soon make his gardens.

He is getting his spring bulbs ready now.

How glad the cows are to get out of the stable.

They had to stay in all winter; it was so cold.

Now they can go to the green fields.
They can have the new grass.
The milk will be rich, and the butter will be nice and yellow.
It seems good to hear the tinkling of the cow bells again.
The shepherd is taking the sheep to the fields.
He takes care of several flocks.
Each sheep wears a little bell.
Each flock has a different kind of bell.
The shepherd knows all the different sounds.
He stays with his sheep all day long and brings them home at night.
The dogs might kill them.
The shepherd must be lonesome with no one to talk to.
Guess what he does.
He knits stockings for boys and girls.
How strange to see a man knitting stockings!

A Game of Marbles

Ned: Do you know how to play marbles, Hans?
Boys play marbles in America.
In the spring they play marbles and fly kites.
They play ball, too.
Come on, let's have a game of marbles.
I'll teach you how to play, Hans.

Nan: O! dear! Ned forgot to bring his marbles to Holland.

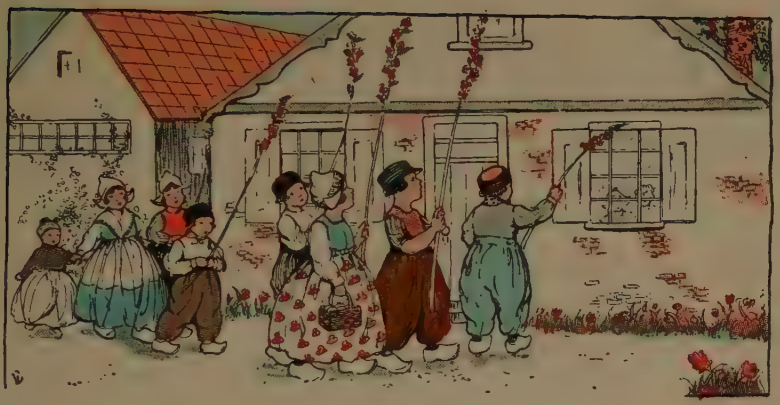
Hilda: Hans hasn't any. What can they do?

Ned: We can make marbles from mud.
Let us go down by the canal and make mud marbles.

Hans: We will put them in the sun to dry.
Soon they will be hard. They will be just like real marbles.

Flying Kites

One day Ned made two kites.
He started to make the kites at nine o'clock
in the morning.
He worked till five o'clock in the afternoon.
Hans said, "They are fine kites, Ned.
Which one is for me?"
Then Ned took the box kite and said,
"You may try the flat kite first."
Each kite had a long tail.
Both kites were good fliers.
Ned thought it was fine to fly a kite
in Holland.



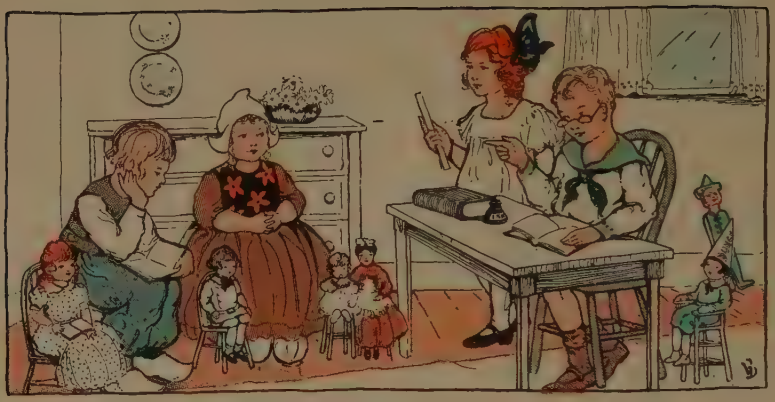
Easter

Next Sunday will be Easter.
The flowers are in bloom.
The gardens and fields are beautiful
with their bright colors.
The people are glad to see the flowers again
after the cold winter.
Nan and Hilda are helping to pick the
flowers.
Hans and Ned are carrying them to the boat.
The father will take them to the market.
In Holland everyone has flowers at Easter.

Here come some children.
What long poles they have!
Flowers and evergreens are on top of the poles.
The children are singing a Dutch song.
Now they are standing in front of the house and saying,
"Eggs, eggs, who'll give us eggs?
Who'll give us eggs?"
"We will give them some eggs, won't we, Nan?" said Hilda.
"They will take them home and color them for Easter.
Mother will color ours."
"Let's help her, Hilda," said Nan.
"See! I have one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten eggs.
They are red, blue, yellow, purple, and green.
We will hide some of them in the rabbit's nest for Hans and Ned to find."

Egg Rolling

It is Easter afternoon.
The children are going to roll eggs
at three o'clock.
There are no hills on the farm.
They roll the eggs in the field on the side
of the dike.
They are trying to hit each other's eggs.
Hans said, "If I hit yours, Ned, it is mine!
Crack! Crack! There it goes!"
"Isn't it fun? I hit yours," said Ned.
"You hit mine, Hans.
That makes it even.
I get yours, and you get mine.
I have nine eggs, Hans."
"Hilda has twelve eggs.
Hilda has a dozen, hasn't she?" said Nan.
When night came, the children were tired
and ready to go to bed.
They had had a fine time.



Playing School

Rain! Rain! Rain!

The children must stay inside to-day,
and play in-door games.

Ned: Let's play school. We will have a school like the one we went to in America. I'll be the teacher.

Nan: All right! Hans and Hilda may be the pupils. Ha! Ha! This is a small school, isn't it, Ned?

Hilda: I'll get my dolls. We can use them for pupils.

Here they are! Now there are eight children in this school.

Hans: If the dolls are not good, Ned can punish them.

It will not hurt them.

First, they had a singing lesson.

Nan used a little whistle. She pretended it was the teacher's pitch-pipe.

She kept the time with her right hand, just as a real teacher would.

Ned put on his father's glasses.

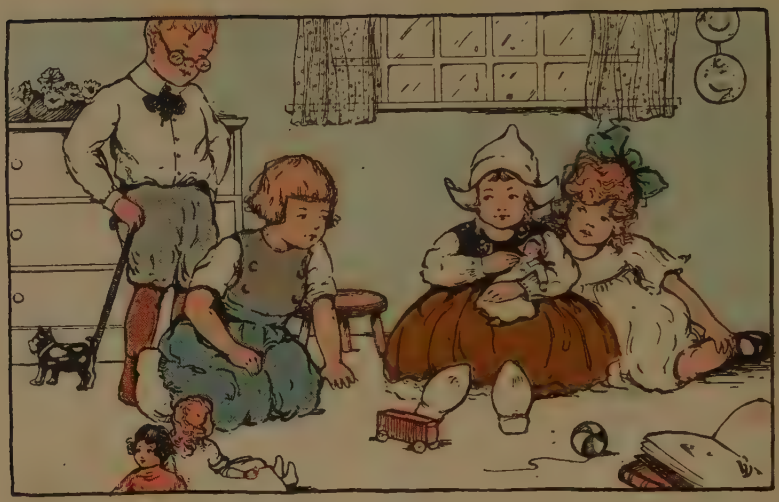
He looked at the children in his school, and said they were very good pupils.

He could not see through the glasses, so he looked over them.

This made the children laugh. He looked so funny.

Poor dolls! They can't laugh.

The children like rainy days, because they can play school.



Riddles

Ned: It is something that is black.
It is shiny. It gives heat.
People get it out of the ground.
What is it? Do you give up?

Hans: I think it is coal.

Nan: What is it that you can hear and feel,
but no one has ever seen?

Hilda: 'M! That is a hard one. I give up.

Nan: Why, it is the wind.

Whitsuntide

After Easter comes Whitsuntide.
On this Sunday it is great fun to be
the first child out of bed.
That child runs to awaken the others
and says to them in Dutch,
"Lazy loon,
Sleepy head,
Lie abed,
Don't get up till noon."
Hans and Hilda were ready for church first.
In the church, the men and big boys
sit on one side.
The women and little children
sit on the other side.
This is very strange to Nan and Ned.
The service is very long.
Nan and Ned are not used to long services.
Hans and Hilda had to keep them awake.

The Queen

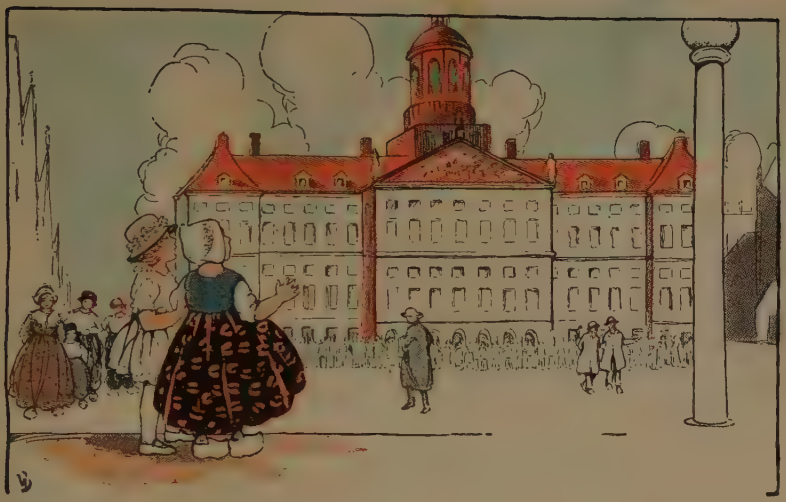
Nan: We like to live in Holland, Hans.
We shall be sorry to leave it.
But sometimes we get homesick.
We miss our schoolmates,
and friends, too.

Ned: Since we came here, Hans, Father says
we have a new president.
Do you have a president in Holland?

Hans: No, we have a queen.

Ned: Does she rule the Dutch people?

Hans: Yes, she is our ruler.



Palace in Amsterdam

Hilda: Her name is Wilhelmina.
She is good to her people.
We all love her.

Nan: Did you ever see her, Hans?

Hans: No, but we hope to see her
when we go to Amsterdam.
We shall go there very soon.
The queen goes once a year
to Amsterdam.

She goes to get the money that
the people of Holland give her.

Hilda: She does not live in Amsterdam.
She lives in a city called The Hague.
Her father's name was Wilhelm.

Ned: Was she named after him, Hilda?

Hilda: Yes; in one of the streets of
The Hague is a statue.
It is a statue of "William the Silent."
The Dutch people call him
"Father William."

Hans: The queen's father died when she
was ten years old.
She was too young to be the queen
then.
So her mother was queen for her.
Her mother's name was Emma.

Hilda: Wilhelmina was very lonesome when
she was a little girl.
Queens are not always happy.

She was not allowed to play
with other children.
Queen Wilhelmina liked children,
and wanted to play with them.
She did not want to be queen.
One time Wilhelmina said
to a naughty doll,
"Now be good, or I will turn you
into a queen, and then you will
have no one to play with."

Hans: When she was fourteen years old,
her mother gave her fifty dolls.
Most children would like that,
but Wilhelmina did not
want so many.

Hilda: It was work for her.
Each doll was dressed to show
a different kind of soldier
in the army.

She had to learn all about
each one of them.

Nan: I would not like that, either.

Hilda: When Wilhelmina grew up, she
became queen.
She married, but she will always be
the queen as long as she lives.
A beautiful baby girl came
to the palace.
She is called the princess.
Her name is Juliana.

Nan: Did they hang a blue cushion
on the door?
Did the queen have a party?

Ned: Don't you hope that we can
see the queen before we go home?

Hans: Father will take us to The Hague.
Perhaps we shall see her then.

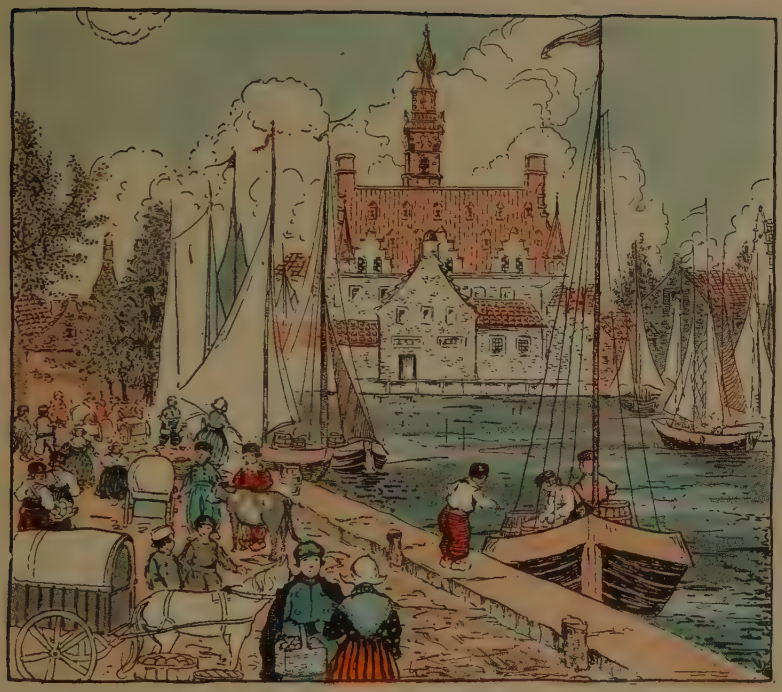
Nan: Oh! I do want to see her!

Amsterdam

The children went to visit some cities
in Holland.
Amsterdam is a beautiful old city.
It is built on many little islands.
Sometimes it is called the "City of Canals."
Hilda's father asked how far it was
to the station.
The man said, "Four canals south, sir."
Isn't that a queer way to tell how far
it is to a place?
"Hans, what are the little mirrors
by the windows for?" asked Ned.
"So the women can see who is passing.
If some one knocks, they can see who it is,
before opening the door,"
answered Hans.
The mirrors are called "spies."
One can see what is going on outside
and not be seen.

Weeding the Streets

The Dutch people keep their streets
neat and clean.
Some one is always working on them.
Ten women were digging weeds
from the street.
Each had a wooden stool to sit on,
and a big, strong knife to dig with.
They moved along in a straight line,
digging every green thing in sight.
A guard sat by a tree watching them.
The women had broken the laws.
This is the way the city punished them.



The Cheese Market of Alkmar

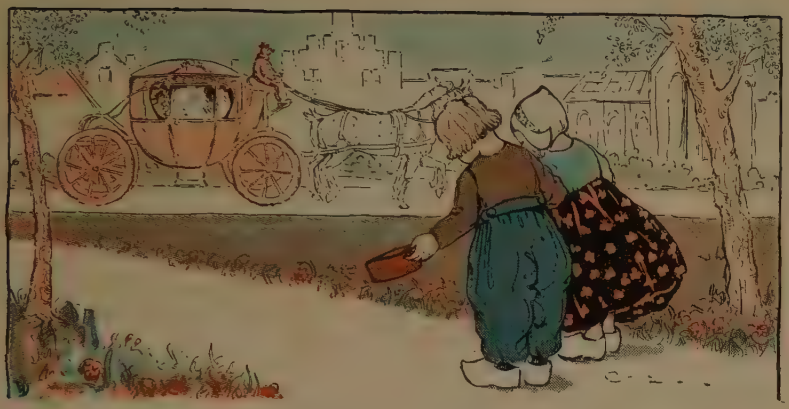
The children are going to the greatest
cheese market in Holland.
It is in the town of Alkmar.
They will go on Thursday,
so as to see all the sights.
But market day is on Friday.

Hans' father will take some cheeses to sell.
Around Alkmar are very rich farms,
with large numbers of cows.
They are called Holland's black and
white beauties.
The farmers bring their loads to town
in dog carts and boats.
They begin to arrive on Thursday night.
Early Friday morning the streets and canals
are full of queer looking carts and boats.
It is noon before they are unloaded
and ready for the sale.
Then men from the cities come and talk
a long time about the price.
They shake hands with the farmers
many times.
They look very serious.
Hans says that means that the
cheeses are sold.

After the sale, men dressed in white
have their work to do.
These men are called weighers.
They bring long boat-shaped trays.
They carry the cheeses to the scales.
The trays hold over a hundred cheeses.
This is a very heavy load.
It takes two men for each tray.
They carry it by long straps
over the shoulders.
The trays just clear the ground.
After the weighing, the cheeses are
put on boats and taken to store-houses.
Here they are placed on racks to ripen.
Then they get a coat of red and
start on their journey.
They go to all parts of the world.

The Hague

The Hague is sometimes called
"The City of Storks."
The children are going to see
the queen's palace.
The palace is called "The House
in the Woods."
Look! There comes the queen's carriage.
"Oh, the queen is in the carriage!" said Hans.
"We take off our hats, and make a bow.
The queen's carriage is drawn by
two beautiful black horses.
It is just like the one that Cinderella had."



Princess Juliana

Hans: We are lucky to-day! Here comes the Queen's carriage again.

Hilda: Look, Nan! The little Princess Juliana is sitting by her mother. She looks happy. She smiles at the children as she passes.

Ned: We will make a low bow to the Queen and to the princess.

Hilda: The princess has a long name. I wonder if you can remember it. Princess Juliana Louise Emma Maria Wilhelmina.

At the Beach

Hilda: To-day we are going to the beach.

Nan: Tell me about the brown things
that look like chairs, Hilda.
I see people sitting in them.

Hilda: They are beach chairs.
The tops keep the hot sun off.
People can sit out here in the chairs
and read, sew, or knit.
They can watch the bathers
and listen to the sea.

Ned: What are the covered wagons for?
They look like houses on wheels.
Some look like gipsy wagons.

Hans: They are bath houses.
Let's go into this bath house,
and put on our bathing suits.

Ned: Hans! The water is cold!
Splash! Splash! Splash! Splash!

Hans: Now we are warm.

Ned: Where are Nan and Hilda?

Hans: There they are, lying in the sand.
I can just see their heads.

Ned: Let's splash some water in their faces.

Nan: That is not fair. We can't run away.

Hilda: We will pay you back for that when
we get up.

Hans: Father says we must go now.

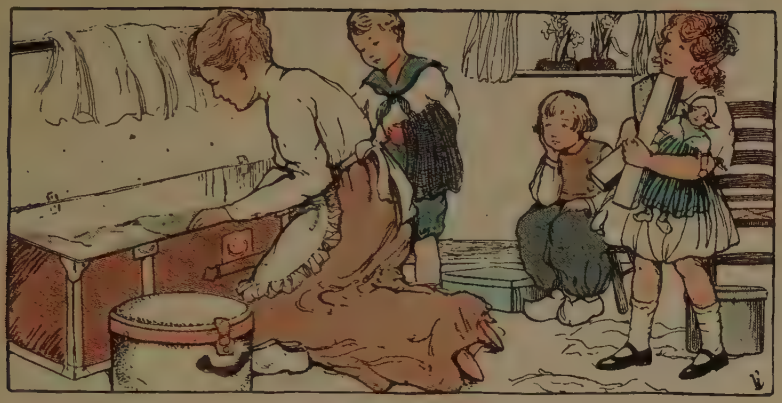
Ned: I wish we could stay longer.
We are having a jolly good time.

The Island of Marken

The children will go to the
Island of Marken.
It is not far from Amsterdam.
They will go in a sail boat.
It will take only an hour.
"Oh, Nan, I can see the Island now,"
said Ned.
"How strange it looks.
There are no trees."
"Look at the tiny houses!" said Nan.

They are built on posts like the houses
in Amsterdam.
The land is very low and wet.
This island is called the fishermen's village.
All the men fish for a living.
They go to sea in their fishing boats.
They are gone all the week.
Many people visit the island on Sunday.
The men are at home and each is dressed
in his quaint Sunday clothes.
See the rows of fishing boats
around the shore.
Many Americans visit the Island of Marken.

They like it, because the people are quaint.
Many of the people have never been
away from the island.
Their dress has not changed.
The people of to-day dress just as they
did long ago.
The dress of both men and women is
gay with color.
The little girls dress just like their mothers.
The little boys dress just like their fathers.
The women wear from six to fourteen skirts.
Can you see why they look so large?
No other Dutch girls wear their hair
like these.
It is cut straight across the forehead.
It makes a long heavy bang.
The rest of the hair hangs in two curls
from under the cap.
The men and boys wear short,
baggy trousers.



Getting Ready to Leave Holland

Nan: It is June, and we sail for America next week.
Mother is packing our trunks, and we are helping her.

Ned: Be sure to put in my skates.

Nan: Don't forget my wooden shoes and my Dutch doll.
Mother has a Dutch dress and a cap with brass buttons for me.
She will take the funny Dutch trousers for you, Ned.

Ned: When we get home we shall dress up
in our Dutch clothes.
How our friends will laugh at us!

Nan: Now we are taking our last trip
on the canal.
We like these little boats.
We have had so much fun on them.
Soon we will be on the
big steam ship.

Sailing for America

Goodby! Goodby!

Ned: We wish you were going with us,
Hans and Hilda.
Good by! Good by! We have had
a good time in Holland.
We shall want to come back
to see you all.

Nan: } Good by! Good by to all!
Ned: }